

Tales From Berk

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Summary: A series of stories set before, during, and after the movie.

1. The Approach

****Tales From Berk****

****Chapter One: The Approach****

As the swarm of dragons flew towards their target, ready to snatch another night's worth of food for their master, one dragon flew behind, not out of a lack of speed, or cowardice, but because of it's own unique position within the dragon hierarchy.

This dragon, the one the vikings called "Night Fury" was not tasked with gathering food, like the others were. His job was to strike fear into the hearts of the vikings, to destroy their buildings and draw their attention, so that his fellows could gather more food for the master. Unlike the others, who were tasked to gather as much live food as possible, or else suffer their monstrous master's wrath, the Night Fury could return without even a mouthful of food without having to worry about becoming food himself.

He did not think these things, he simply knew them.

Although all species of dragon were capable of at least some degree of intelligent thought, they much preferred to rely on their instincts, particularly where vikings were involved. Those bloodthirsty brutes had killed many of their kind, and for what? Simply because they had taken one or two of their cattle? The dragon's instincts, passed down through countless generations, told them to be wary of all vikings, and to never let their guard down around them.

The black dragon snorted in defiance. How such soft, fleshy

creatures, who needed to wrap themselves in metal just to fight, became such a threat to dragonkind was beyond him, despite the fact that his kind was the most intelligent of all the dragon species.

But thought was not required in what was to come. Action was. Fast, decisive action, the likes of which he had performed on countless nights before, and would doubtlessly do so in countless nights to come.

As the silhouette of the vikings' island appeared over the horizon, the Night Fury shook himself out of his reverie. It was time to go to work.

****To Be Continued...****

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2. Houseguest

****Tales From Berk****

****Chapter Two: Houseguest****

Stoick the Vast, leader of the viking tribe of Berk, carried the prone body of his son, Hiccup, up towards their home. He was flanked by a Night Fury that had been christened "Toothless" by his son.

Barely an hour before, Hiccup and Toothless had slain the Red Death, saving the lives of practically the entire tribe. The victory had not been without cost, however: Hiccup had lost his lower left leg. The Healer guessed that Hiccup had come a little too close the Red Death's massive spikes.

As most of their ships had been smashed by the Red Death, the vikings had trouble returning home. The young vikings who had aided Hiccup and Toothless had suggested that they simply fly home on dragons. This suggestion was met with trepidation from the adults, to say the least. But, under the guidance of their children, who had learned from Hiccup how to earn dragon's trust, the Vikings were able to persuade the dragons to fly them back home.

Stoick noticed the dragons were much more docile when they weren't being charged at, or having weapons pointed at them. Nonetheless, he refused to risk Hiccup being carried on one of them. At his order, the remaining debris of the ships the Red Death had destroyed were lashed together into a makeshift boat, which carried Hiccup, Stoick, and Toothless, and was towed by the dragons ridden by Hiccup's fellow trainees.

On the slow trip back, Stoick couldn't help noticing Toothless staying as close to Hiccup as possible. Hiccup had become friends with the dragon, something that was against everything a viking had stood for. Stoick had angrily disowned Hiccup for that, and yet, Hiccup had come to his rescue against the Red Death, risking life and losing limb for him. That knowledge filled Stoick with great guilt.

On their return to Berk, some of the dragons flew away, but most stayed. Stoick suggested that the Dragons be given shelter for the time being, until their new situation could be fully considered.

Reaching his house, Stoick kicked the door open with one of his mighty feet. Walking over the one-roomed building to the smaller of the two beds within, Stoick gently placed Hiccup down in it.

As he looked balefully upon his unconscious son, Stoick attention was drawn by a padding noise; Toothless had entered the house.

"No, no, no!" Stoick bellowed. "I don't care if you did save my son, you stay outside! There's no room for a dragon in here!"

Stoick tried his hardest to push Toothless outside, but it was hopeless; Toothless had already bested him once that day, and was doing so again. Pinning Stoick to the floor, Toothless walked over his ample girth and trotted over to Hiccup's bed.

"Fine." Groaned Stoick, admitting defeat. "But only until Hiccup wakes up, you understand? I never allowed pets in this house before, and I don't intend to start now, ya devil!"

Snorting, Toothless rose up and sat on his haunches, staring intently at Hiccup.

Closing the door, Stoick walked over to the fireplace and lit some kindling, warming the house. He then sat on a chair and joined Toothless in watching over Hiccup.

Before long, Stoick's gullet started to rumble. He walked over to a barrel in the corner of the room. As he opened it, the smell of raw fish wafted into the air, catching Toothless' attention.

As Stoick prepared to cut a fish, Toothless' head peered over his shoulder.

"No, no!" Stoick shouted, covering the fish and the barrel with his massive arms. "This is my fish! You want fish, you can go out and catch your own!"

Stoick pointed his arm towards the door. Toothless looked across briefly, snorted, then tried to pull Stoick's arms open.

Cursing inwardly (Both at Toothless' persistence, and for the Night Fury not falling for his plan to trick him out of the house), Stoick saw no option but to give the dragon a fish.

"Here, take it!" Stoick snapped, throwing a fish at Toothless. The dragon caught it in his mouth, ate it in two bites, then came back for more. "No, just one!" Stoick growled.

Toothless growled back. A thought entered Stoick's head. It involved Toothless, and it wasn't a very pleasant thought. Stoick entertained the thought for a moment, but reluctantly dismissed it, admitting to himself that the dragon had helped save his tribe, and that Hiccup wouldn't be too pleased with him if he went through with it. Sighing, he threw Toothless another fish to placate him.

As Toothless' razor-sharp teeth tore into the fish, another, more pleasant thought occurred to Stoick.

"Why my son called you 'Toothless', I'll never know." He mused.

In response, the Night Fury retracted his teeth.

"Oh." Said Stoick, surprised.

To Stoick's greater surprise, the dragon pulled back his scaly lips into what was evidently a smile. Stoick never even considered the idea of a dragon smiling before. For a moment, he found himself smiling back. Shaking his head awkwardly, he moved his chair over to Hiccup's bed. As he looked upon his son, he was aware of the Night Fury trotting over to his side.

"You're a loyal one, aren't ya?" Stoick smiled, patting Toothless lightly on the shoulder. "I always wanted Hiccup to bring a friend home. I never thought that friend would be you!"

The dragon snorted indignantly.

"But I'm glad, anyhow." Stoick admitted. "You saved my son. You're no devil. And any friend of Hiccup's is a friend of mine."

Toothless lowered his head down onto Stoick's lap. In response, Stoick patted his head softly.

They both watched over Hiccup, intent that his father and his best friend would be there for him when he woke up.

****To Be Continued...****

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3. Absence

****Tales From Berk****

****Chapter Three: Absence...****

At the wooden dock of Berk, a small group of vikings were entering a longboat, preparing to depart. That is to say, most of them were. One was wrestling with his dragon.

"Toothless, Toothless..." Hiccup groaned, trying to keep the Night Fury from getting on the boat. "I'm sorry bud, but you can't come with us. Gobber says bringing other dragons along will give us away."

Toothless gave Hiccup a pleading look, crooning softly as he did.

"Don't give me that look." Hiccup frowned. "You've gotta stay here. Look, none of the other dragons are coming, aren't they?"

Toothless gave a self-important snort.

"You are not getting any special treatment, mister." Hiccup said firmly.

Giving up, Toothless pressed his face against Hiccup's, licking him goodbye.

"It's okay, bud." Hiccup patted him on the head. "We'll be back as soon as we deal with the Boneknapper. And to be honest, we're not really sure there even is a Boneknapper, so we might be back sooner than you think."

Patting Toothless on the head one last time, Hiccup joined his friends in the longboat.

"You two done with your sappy little goodbye?" Snotlout jeered.

"Shut up, Snotlout." Astrid snarled.

Gobber got on the boat, joined by his pet sheep, Phil.

"Alright, you lot, let's get goin'!" Gobber boomed. "We've got us a Boneknapper to knobble!"

The young vikings started moving the oars, their rowing pushing the boat out to sea. Toothless watched sadly as they departed.

Some time later, Toothless was padding aimlessly around the village, depressed. He did not know why he was so sad; He and Hiccup had been apart before, for much longer. Toothless' time in the hidden glade quickly came to mind. But those short, secret visits had taken place months ago. Nowadays, Hiccup and Toothless were hardly ever apart, something to which the Night Fury had grown accustomed to.

As he continued his morose trek, Toothless suddenly heard a dragon's roar like none he had ever heard before. Over the horizon came a swarm of what looked to be armored dragons. Toothless was apprehensive, as was most of the village's inhabitants, until his keen eyes spotted Hiccup on the lead dragon, joined by Gobber, Phil, and the other young vikings. Toothless' throat made the dragon equivalent of cheering as the lead dragon landed in the centre of the village.

"Believe me now, Stoick?" Gobber called to the astonished chief.

The Boneknapper lowered his head, allowing his passengers to disembark.

As soon as Hiccup's feet touched ground, Toothless tackled him to the floor, licking him repeatedly.

"Easy, bud!" Hiccup chuckled. "I'm happy to see you, too!"

The old saying was true: Absence really does make the heart grow fonder.

****To Be Continued...****

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4. First Flight

****Tales From Berk****

****Chapter Four: First Flight****

"Okay, dad." Hiccup, Toothless at his side, led his father down the village. "Today's the day."

"Must I do this?" Groaned Stoick.

"Yes." Said Hiccup. "Everyone else in the village has a dragon, and now it's your turn."

They passed Spitelout, whose Terrible Terror (Whom he had humorously named "Titan") was riding on his shoulder. He shared a curt wave with Hiccup and Stoick. Toothless and Titan crooned softly at each other.

"I don't see the point." Stoick shook his head. "I'm the chief. I don't have time to make niceties with dragons."

"You can't tell me you still don't like them." Hiccup sighed. "After everything that happened?"

"No, no." Stoick assured him. "I'm fine with the dragons. I just prefer to keep my distance, that's all."

"Really?" Hiccup sighed.

"Besides, we've already got Toothless practically living in the house all day." Stoick continued. "Another dragon would be more than I can stomach... No offense, Toothless."

Toothless snorted in an offended kind of way.

"Come on, dad." Hiccup pressed on. "Don't you want to learn how to fly a dragon?"

"No, thank you." Stoick grunted. "I prefer to keep my feet on the ground, just as the gods intended."

"You'll feel differently, once you're up there." Smiled Hiccup.
"Trust me, dad."

Stoick, having already prepared another argument, stopped at those last three words. He remembered what had happened the last time he didn't trust his son, and the consequences of that decision. He sneaked a glance at Hiccup's false leg. A surge of guilt washed over him.

"Alright, fine." Stoick capitulated. "Let's go."

The two walked down to the former dragon fighting arena, the cages of which had been converted into dragon stables, for dragons who had not been paired up with vikings, or those for whom there simply wasn't room for at their viking's houses. The cage-like ceiling of the arena

had been removed, so the dragons and their riders could fly free.

As Hiccup and Stoick entered, they encountered Ack, who was tending to a medium-sized Gronckle.

"Hiccup, Stoick, Toothless." Ack nodded at each in greeting.

"Hello, Ack." Stoick nodded back.

"Made a new friend, have you?" Hiccup.

"Yes." Smiled Ack, patting the Gronckle on the head. "This Gronckle and I are like kindred spirits. The only thing he's missing is a name..."

The Gronckle chose that moment to belch in Ack's direction.

"That settles it." Coughed Ack. "His name is 'Newtsbreath'."

"Good name." Hiccup gagged.

"They don't all do that, do they?" Asked Stoick.

"Not as far as I know." Shrugged Hiccup.

The humans and the Night Fury made their way to the stables, where Stoick began perusing the available dragons.

He looked over a Deadly Nadder, a Hideous Zippleback, and another Gronckle, none of which he thought suited him. He stopped when he reached a Monstrous Nightmare. The dragon had brilliant scarlet scales, and was much bigger than Snotlout's Nightmare. As he eyed the dragon, the dragon eyed him back, an almost haughty look on its face.

"Found one you like, have you?" Hiccup asked.

"Perhaps." Mused Stoick. This one is strong, powerful, proud... A lot like myself, actually."

"Hold out your hand." Hiccup suggested. "See if he'll let you put it on his snout."

Stoick obliged. The Nightmare recoiled for a moment, then leaned forward, allowing Stoick to put his hand on his snout. The dragon started making a guttural purring noise, apparently quite pleased. Stoick, quite pleased himself, raised his other hand, and stroked the Nightmare's cheek with it.

"Looks like someone's found a new best friend." Hiccup smiled. "What are you going to call him?"

"Hookfang." Smiled Stoick, pointing out the dragon's curved teeth. "Fitting, wouldn't you agree?"

"Definitely." Hiccup agreed. "Now, see if he'll let you ride him. Do this."

Hiccup made a miming motion with his hands, one that let a dragon know that someone would like to ride it him.

Stoick awkwardly did the same, and Hookfang leaned down, allowing Stoick to climb onto his back, where a small saddle had already been placed.

"Alright then." Mumbled Stoick, unsure of what to say or do next.
"Ummm... go?"

Hookfang growled in understanding. He spread his wings, leaned onto his legs, then took off into the air.

"BY THE GODS!" Stoick bellowed, half-jubilant, half-terrified, as Hookfang carried him up into the clouds. "ODIN'S BEARD!"

"This looks like the beginning of a beautiful friendship." Hiccup said to Toothless, who flashed him one of his gummy smiles.

****To Be Continued...****

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5. Vikings In Love

****Tales From Berk****

****Chapter Five: Vikings in Love****

Far from the village of Berk, in a shallow glade that once hid Toothless from the formerly anti-dragon populace, Hiccup and his girlfriend Astrid were lying on the grass, hand-in-hand, watching the clouds together. Toothless and Stormfly (Astrid's dragon) were having a play-fight a short distance away, struggling with each other in a friendly sort of way.

Astrid was greatly enjoying the view. She had never thought much of clouds, until Toothless and Hiccup took her on a ride. She got to see the clouds up close, even touch them. Every time she looked up at the sky, she was reminded of that wonderful time.

"This isn't exactly a typical viking past-time, is it?" She quipped to Hiccup.

"Oh, sorry." Hiccup mumbled. "If you're bored, we can go do something else."

"Hiccup, relax." Astrid chuckled, squeezing his hand. "I'm having a good time. Don't be so insecure."

"Well, can you blame me?" Hiccup countered. "You're the best young viking on the island. You're the most skilled, the most agile, the most powerful, and I'm just... a blacksmith's apprentice. Sometimes, I wonder if I even deserve you."

"Don't sell yourself short, Hiccup." Astrid admonished him. "_You_ are the best young viking on the island, not me."

"I am?" Hiccup spluttered in disbelief.

"Yes, you are." Astrid smiled. "You did what no other viking ever dared to do: You made friends with a dragon. Not only that, but you've changed everything around here. You ended the war between the vikings and the dragons, changed us from mortal enemies to close friends. You'll probably go down in the history books for that."

"Really?" Hiccup, asked genuinely surprised. "I never really saw it that way..."

"Of course you didn't." Astrid agreed. "You're not the type to seek glory. You're humble. It's part of why I like you so much."

"Thanks, Astrid." Hiccup grinned sheepishly. "But it's not humbleness, because it wasn't all just me. You played a part too, you know."

"I did?" Asked Astrid.

"Yeah." Nodded Hiccup. "If you hadn't followed me here that day, me and Toothless would've taken off and never come back, and nothing would've changed. The war would have just kept on going."

"Well, I didn't exactly have the best of intentions when I decided to follow you..." Shrugged Astrid, recalling her anger and jealousy towards Hiccup at that time.

"But you did the next day." Hiccup told her. "You helped me get over my despair and depression, and encouraged me to do something. If you ask me, you belong in the history books just as much as I do."

"Maybe we'll go down in the history books together." Astrid mused.

"I'd like that." Hiccup smiled.

"Me too." Grinned Astrid.

Leaning forward, Astrid kissed Hiccup deeply. When they parted, Hiccup had an almost thoughtful expression on his face.

"Something wrong?" Astrid asked.

"No." Smiled Hiccup. "It's just that... in my experience, you tend to punch me before you kiss me."

"So I switched things up a little." Smirked Astrid, jabbing Hiccup in the shoulder. "A little variety never hurts."

"My shoulder disagrees with you." Joked Hiccup, rubbing the struck area.

The two young vikings shared a laugh. Hiccup then leaned over, placing his hand on Astrid's shoulder. Then, for the first time in their relationship, he kissed her, as opposed to her kissing him. As they parted, Astrid had a surprised, yet jubilant, look on her face.

"You're right." Smirked Hiccup. "A little variety really doesn't

hurt."

"You up for another go, dragon boy?" Astrid whispered, pushing away the hair obscuring her left eye.

"Anytime, my divine beauty." Hiccup whispered back.

As they wrapped their arms around each other, Toothless and Stormfly stopped their friendly tussle to witness their owners kissing. Stormfly crooned in awe, while Toothless smirked and rolled his green eyes. The two dragons then resumed their sporting little scuffle while Hiccup and Astrid continued kissing, the two young lovers blissfully unaware of their briefly appreciative audience.

"I love you, Astrid." Hiccup declared breathlessly.

"I love you too, Hiccup." Astrid smiled.

And, without another word, the two entered into another kissing session.

****The End****

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